

Stephanie

by Shantalle 8A

Have you ever been in a situation when you wish you could go back in time and fix it? Well that's kind of what my situation is like. My name is Stephanie and I currently attend a Boston public school. I just moved from New York City where I lived in Washington Heights, a really bad place in New York. The school I went to was one of the worst schools in the area and because of this I don't have a lot of education. My learning level is really low, probably on a 8th grade level. Now that I go to a Boston public high school, I can actually learn stuff, well at least that's what I think.

My first day of school at Boston Public was better than my first day at Kingsbridge Academy High School. There weren't that many kids in my class; I was kind of like an odd ball in my class. I was the only Spanish girl there. No one seemed to notice me, except this really cute boy in my class, Donnie. We were always partnered up in labs and group discussions, so I really got to know him. He was one of the nicest guys I had met in a while, and I thought to myself that this could be the start of something new. I thought that we could eventually become more than just friends. I was really starting to like Donnie.

A few months past and everything seemed to be the same between me and Donnie. The same until one day when I see him cuddling next to this chick, the ugliest girl I have seen, this fat girl. Oh my God, I wanted to puke. I was...I didn't even know exactly how I felt. All I felt was my heart drop to my toes and my body getting all cold, and my eyes getting watery. I tried not to pay attention to him. Surprisingly he didn't pay attention to me either. I was starting to get really impatient and I wanted him to talk to me now!

A few weeks passed and there he is in front of my locker like he used to be at the beginning of the year. I slowly walk over looking at him in a strange way wondering why he would be standing in front of my locker. I first thought he was confused, lost maybe, even just waiting for that fat girl.

"Hi," I said.

"Hey, can I help you in anything?" I said in a cheerful way, not trying to get him confused thinking that I was being rude and mad about him being with that fat chick. I tried to make it look like I never noticed them and their love life.

"Oh no," he said, "I just wanted to say that I was sorry about the past weeks and ignoring you and what not."

"That's okay," I said. I tried to push him away a little trying to get into my locker to get my stuff and leave. He didn't say anything. He just let me push him away. He let me leave. It was obvious to me that he didn't like me. I walked away holding my books towards my chest wondering what just had happened.

The next day was entirely different. When I got home Donnie appeared at my house. "Hi, Donnie," I was wondering why he was at my house. I let him in and we talked for a little bit, but the talking soon started to turn into something more serious. We were now in a "relationship." We were in a intimate relationship. Before I knew it, he would come over my house every single day. We spent a lot of the time in my bedroom. That's when I became pregnant. Pregnant at 16. I didn't know how to feel. All I did was cry. I didn't know how to tell people.

When I told Donnie that I was pregnant it was like I was talking to the wall. He just turned away, leaving me in a weird stage. I was all alone on this one, I said to myself. The

moment I found out, it was like my world changed instantly. I was never the same. The worst part of this is that I had no one to talk to. Not even my mom. My mom would kill me. I have no friends, not even my “baby’s daddy” which in this case I knew that he wasn’t going to be involved in the lives of my baby and me. It was all over. I was never the cheerful girl that teachers used to see.

Months passed and no signs of Donnie. Donnie wasn’t in my life anymore. I just had to deal with it I had to tell my mom. Of course Donnie was going to be the worst dad ever. One time he came over my house one night to “talk to me,” but we didn’t talk. All he did was yell at me and push me. He tried to abuse me. He pushed me down the stairs and threw stuff at me. We were soon always arguing at school, over the phone, and now at my house. My mom wasn’t home. I tried to get some help, but he kept pushing me. When I finally got up he punched me four times in the arm leaving me big bruises. He once hit me so hard that he left me bleeding. Donnie had become an abusive “boyfriend.”

I had no one. I kept thinking about abortion and all the other options. I was trying to be a bad “parent” and get an abortion because even though I am young, I love my baby. I also kept thinking about Donnie, even though he was an abusive boyfriend I didn’t want him to be far from his baby. I thought about my family, my mom and his family. I wasn’t going to put either of our families through all of this, so that’s when I made my choice. I went to a counselor the next day. I asked her if I could talk to her for a few minutes. I told her about my problem. She said that there was nothing that she could do for me. She didn’t help me with anything. All she said was, “I can't help you.”

I nodded crying and said, "Okay, thanks anyways." I left her room in tears. Everybody outside of her office standing in the same direction like a big crowd. I looked up and that's when I suddenly knew that everybody knew that I was pregnant.

"The new girl is pregnant," a boy said, sounding like someone had just told him the news. Now that everybody knew, I knew for sure I was alone. I really had nobody and I knew what I had to do to make everybody like me. I was always the nice girl and I wasn't planning to be the hood rat coming from the worst place in New York. I was different from most people back there. I was the nice girl, the pretty girl, the one with the long gold curly hair, the nice eyes, and the nicest body. I was never the girl that was sneaking guys into her house to have an affair. I was the nice girl. The only choice I had was to get rid of this baby.